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FOURTH NUMBER OF VOLUME I.

ENERGY.

FOR EVERYONE.

AUGUST, 1899.

CONTENTS.

"About Advertising." poetry page 1
"Benefits of Stamp Collecting" ,, 1
"Editorials" ,, 2
"A Pair of Big Feet." sketch ,, 3
"Mystery of Dreams" ,, 3
"Heathen can Wait." humerous ,, 4
"Life's Variorum." poetry ,, 5
"Feat in Glass Blowing." sketch ,, 6
"Re-enforcements" poetry ,, 7
"New Possessions." story pages 7 to 10
"Talking Shop." short sketch page 11
"Million Dollar Bed-Room." ,, 12
"An Indian's Hate." story pages 13 to 15
"Loaded with Hard Luck." page 15

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VOL. 1. BERLIN AUGUST, 1899. NO. 4.

Forty Advantages, Pleasures and Benefits of Stamp Collecting.

(Continued from No 2.)

21. It cultivates the habit of close observation.

22. It tends to excite one's curiosity to know many things, in connection with one's stamps.

23. The heads on stamps gives us an inkling to the official roster of some of the nations.

24. Through the dates of the appearance of stamps containing portraits thereon we get g notion of the official periods of various rulers.

25. Such stamps afford a "picture gallery" of those who stand at the exective helm of nations, and other eminent personages connected with the growth and political progress of said nations.

26. In connection with this they also show one the mark of respect and honor rendered to the original of the profiles on the stamps in acknowledgment of a faithful performance of official duties.

27. It causes a collector to subscribe for philatelic papers, from which is derived much valnable information, and through which one,s notions and knowledge are broadened.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

He sat at his door at noonday,
Lonely,gloomy and sad;
The flies were buzzing about him,
Led by a blue winged gad.

Not a customer darkened his portal,
Not a sign of business was there;
But the flies kept on a-buzzing
About the old man's hair.

At last in misery he shouted:
"Great Scott! I'm covered with flies."
And the zepher that toyed with his whiskers said:
"Why don't you advertise?"

—Selected.

From Judge.

Let me find a place of refuge
From the lullabies of coons
Where the praise of coal black ladies
Won't be heard for many moons
Where the cake walk is unheard of,
And the Sabbath bells that chime
Still can call the folks to meeting
Without playing "In-rag-time."

Energy

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One page	4 00	months or over. Contract advertisements

may be paid monthly or quarterly or in advance as preferred.

Energy Publishing Company.
F. I. Weaver, M'g'r.
Berlin, Ontario.

Recent News.

Under this heading we intend to publish items of philatelic, sporting and other news.—Mr. W. Sellschopp the well known dealer of San Francisco, left on August 4th., for Germany where he will remain for about eight months.—Filatelic Facts and Fallacies has again caught up to father time.—The Philatelic Spectator is a new paper to be issued from Berlin by Geo. E. Mueller.—The Western Philatelic News is announced from Witchica Kansas.—The Il Rangers Football Club of Berlin won the last nine games they played, scoring 27 goals to their opponents' five.—The above club have entered their team ia the W.F.A. intermediate championship series for the fall season.

A Special Inducement. We want to book at least two hundred new subscriptions before the appearance of number five and in order to do this we have decided to make a special offer, a four months trial subscription for 10 cents. The paper will continue to be improved month by month. Take advantage of the great offer and you will not regret it.

Combination Rates. Of all the subscriptions we are receiving for ENERGY about 75 per cent. are from Philatelists. In view of this fact we intend to enlarge our philatelic department. It will also be noticed that the majority of the advertisements we carry are of a philatelic nature. ENERGY will circulate more among the philatelists than here-to-fore and stamp dealers will do well to be represented in its columns. We have made arrangements with the Philatelic Advocate.

Don't worry about the 59th prices subscribe for the Cadadian Collector and Philatelic Punch. See ad elsewhere.

Short notices like the above pay advertisers and the cost of insertion is only 1-2 cents per word.

Brer Bach of the Montreal Philatelist was always very fond of jollying the publisher of the Canadian Philatelic Review about being late. But the Frenchtown journal is also in the game being behind in its June, July, and August numbers.

A PAIR OF BIG FEET.

They Brought Woe to France and Changed the Map of Europe.

The Princess Bismarck changed the political history of France unwittingly, and but for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have been waged.

Bismarck was unfriendly to France, but the Empress Eugenie hoped with her beauty to infidence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France, and the Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the Tuileries.

That evening there was a grand reception, and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came with his wife upon his arm.

Now, the Princess Bismarck was tall and gaunt and ugly, and her feet were generous. As she walked she showed a great deal of sole.

While Bismarck stood talking with Eugenie an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash, followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife.

That settled the matter. The political history of France was altered from that moment.

A year later, when Paris was besieged, Bismarck himself fired a cannon over the ramparts, and those who were near him heard him snout:

"Take that for the feet of the Princess Bismarck!"

The slight was avenged.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A Case In Which the Coincidences Were Remarkable.

On an occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along it a strong column of prisoners, with guards at intervals on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before and that there were 1,900 of them. I then asked some bystander what day of the month it was and was told that it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream. The whole dream was extremely distinct, and it made a strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days and then thought of it no more.

Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day that had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket two miles distant from the point where I had seemed to be when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire talking to the officer of the picket when an aid to the commanding general came riding down the road. He had been a schoolfellow of our officer's at West Point and reined up when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news, that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before and that our people had captured 1,900 prisoners, who had just passed the headquarters that morning on their way to the rear.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not a Close Observer.

"It seems almost incredible," said the railroad man, "but I saw a man the other day that couldn't give an intelligent description of his wife. He came to the office to get transportation for her, to which he was entitled, and under the present rules we must have a description of the person that is going to use the transportation.

On the margin of the ticket are places where the agent can punch out a very good description of the person that is entitled to use the ticket in his possession.

"I asked the man first how old his wife was. He could not tell within five years.

"Next I asked him how tall she was. The best I could ascertain was that she was not very tall, neither was she very short. I punched out the word 'medium' and let it go at that.

"Next I asked the man what the color of his wife's eyes was. He studied for a full half minute and said he be darned if he was sure whether they were light blue or gray.

"When it came to the color of the woman's hair, he was again in a quandary. He was not dead sure whether it was dark brown or black.

"The only thing this husband was sure of was that his wife was slim."—Duluth News.

City Boy's Idea.

A Gallatin county farmer hired a boy from the city to assist him through the summer. The farmer told the kid to go out to the barn lot and salt the calf. The kid took a quart of salt and industriously rubbed it into the calf's hide. The colts got after the calf for the salt and had about all the hair licked off the animal before its condition was discovered. — Montgomery (Ills.) News.

THE HEATHEN CAN WAIT.

A Squatter's Idea of Where Charity Should Begin.

The other day an old squatter came to the city and attended divine services at a fashionable church. The old fellow listened with rapt attention to the sermon, occasionally nodding in approval or shaking his head in uncertainty. When a man with the contribution box approached, the squatter asked:

"What's up?"

"We are taking up a collection for the heathen, and as you seemed to be so much interested in the sermon I didn't know but you would like to give a few dimes."

"What's the matter with the heathen?"

"Why, he doesn't know anything about the gospel, and we want to raise money enough to send it to him."

"Wall, I tell yer, I don't think he'll spile afore mornin. I've got a hoss swap on han, an of I ken get 'nuff boot come aroun an we'll sorter look inter the matter."

"But, my friend, the heathen children need clothes."

"So does mine, by jingo. Bill ain't worn nuthin but a shirt for six months an haster stay outen perlite society. Ike's got a vacancy in his britches biggern yer hat, an Jack haster stay under the house when a stranger comes, 'case he got his clothes scorched durin hog killin. Come aroun arter the swap, fur I don't think the heathen will spile afore mornin."—Arkansas Traveler.

Thorny Way of Art.

"Bangs is truly a great writer."

"Then why is he a pugilist?"

"Well, you know it is necessary for one to become famous before he can command space in the magazines." Journal.

A former attorney general of the United States, in a recent article, tells the following anecdotes of Mr. Justice Miller of the federal supreme court:

Judge Miller was a very agreeable man socially, but in the later years of his life became somewhat impatient upon the bench. He was no orator himself and seemed to have an aversion to all attempts at oratory in court. I have seen him on more than one occasion disjoint with sharp questions a beautifully prepared speech with which an ambitious orator expected to charm and captivate the court. One midsummer day, as it is said, he was holding court in a western state, and a lawyer, whom we will call Brown, was addressing him in a long, rambling speech. The judge listened and fanned himself and fidgeted about on the bench for some time, and, finally, leaning over his desk, said in an audible whisper, "Confound it Brown, come to the point."

"What point?" inquired the somewhat astonished lawyer.

"Any point," responded the judge; and, though the sequel does not appear, it is probable that there was a rapid condensation of talk in that courtroom after this short colloquy.

Literally.

A Chicago woman had her husband and her pug dog cremated and the ashes placed in the same urn, and the esteemed editor of the Lost Creek Lyre regards the transaction as "a dog-gone burning shame."—Denver Post.

The laws of Mexico provide that a Mormon who wishes to take a second wife must present a certificate signed by his first helpmate to the effect that she is willing, and he must also have the express consent of the second wife and her parents.

LIFE'S VARIORUM.

Some work for this, some strive for that, and grind at every turn;
Some long for what they haven't got, and what they have they spurn,
And some rush for the mountain peak to get the sun's last ray,
Then crawl into some sunless hole and sleep it off next day.

Some find this earth a first rate place to slave and stint and save
And life's chief pleasure to consist in being glum and grave,
And others with a twinkle in the hand and heart and eye
Will stake their lives that they can spend more than they can find laid by.

Some take a drink when they are dry and some when they are wet;
Some drink for sweet remembrance sake, some that they may forget,
And some there be, like you and me, free from all sham accurs'd,
Who have laid down a rule for life—never to get athirst.

Some turn to this, some turn to that, for fortune and for fame,
And some won't turn for anything and get there just the same.
But there's a common turning point, a fate, unkind but just,
Where rich and poor and great and small turn one and all to dust.

—Galveston News.

A Good Memory.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."

"Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."

"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face."—Harlem Life.

A Blue Grass Definer.

The applicants for teachers' certificates in Calloway county were asked at examination to define "bric-a-brac." One teacher answered that "bric-a-brac is something to throw at a dog."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sothern and Laura Keene.

While in New York and before he had made any hit, the elder Sothern had a dispute with Laura Keene concerning some trivial affair at a rehearsal, and Miss Keene went into one of her tantrums. After the quarrel on the stage she retired to her dressing room and, still angry, sent for Sothern and began to rate him fiercely.

"Stop, Laura—stop just a minute!" interrupted the comedian and advancing to the light deliberately turned it down.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" she demanded in a rage.

"Oh, nothing," replied Sothern, "but you have always been so lovely to me that I can't bear to look upon your beautiful face when you are in a passion. Now, go on."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Paid 15 Cents to Hug His Wife.

The maddest man in Platte county lives at Humphreys. He attended a social, and during the evening the ladies inaugurated a hugging bee, the proceeds to go to the Sunday school. Prices were graded according to the person hugged. For instance, for hugging a young, inexperienced girl the bidder had to give up ten cents, married women brought 15 cents and widows a quarter. Well, the man was blindfolded and, giving up 15 cents, he said he would take a married woman. After he had hugged 15 cents' worth the bandage was removed from his eyes,and, lo and behold,he had been hugging his own wife! Then he kicked and wanted his 15 cents back.—Columbus (Neb.) Times.

Venezuela has an enormous territory, claiming 632,000 square miles of area. It is about as large as Alaska and Arizona.

A FEAT IN GLASS BLOWING.

The Trick Which a Russian Sprung on the Experts.

Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate theAlexander column in a grand style. The size of the round lamps to be used for the purpose were indicated and the glasses ordered at the manufactory, where the workmen exerted themselves in vain and almost blew the breath out of their bodies in the endeavor to obtain the desired size.

The commission must be executed, that was self evident, but how?

A great premium was offered to the one who could solve the problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed. Their object seemed unattainable, when at last a long bearded Russian stepped forward and declared that he could do it; he had strong lungs; he would only rinse his mouth first with a little water to refresh them.

He applied his mouth to the pipe and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! Hold!" cried the lookers on. "You are doing too much. And how did you do it all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long beard, "but first, where is my premium?"

And when he clutched the promised bounty he explained.

He had retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball and then, becoming steam, had rendered him this good service.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Guarded Answer.

Gotrox—How would you like to be a rich man like me?

Getsnex—I'd like to be rich.—Indianapolis Journal.

RE-ENFORCEMENTS.

When summer's rich rose treasury
Was spent and squandered utterly,
Casket of gold did God unlock
And drew thereout the hollyhock.

Thence also brought he in that hour
So many a constellated flower
As doth at night the skies bestrew
In league long pastures purple blue.

Nor sunflower's ray did he withhold,
Nor carline thistle's disk of gold;
Nor royal dahlia's stately dome
Of crimson vaulted honeycomb.

The bannered army of the prime
Passed by at its appointed time.
The re-enforcements, mustering strong,
Through rustling lanes now troop along.

The year shall not surrender yet
Her leafy fortress nor forget
To garrison and guard right well
Green ramparts of her citadel.

Yet haste, ye re-enforcements bold,
For winter's bugle blast rings cold.
Soon will his dreadful ordnance show
The bursting storm, the volleying snow.

Press onward, shout your battle call
By bastion rent and tottering wall.
Lead the last rally from the gate,
For, oh, brave hearts, ye come too late!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

"New Possessions."

She Strove to Prevent His Wasting His Time and Husbanded Her Own Time.

There was one big window in the anteroom, looking out upon the street, and close to it Laura Barton placed her desk. This was the only furniture in the apartment save two chairs and a big bookcase, in which was a noble array of dictionaries and encyclopedias. As for decorations, there was but one, a very large map of the world that hung against the wall opposite the books. It was a quiet little room, the last and innermost of the Marsh & Drummond suit.

It was a rather humdrum life that she led, perhaps—at the office at 8 o'clock and home (a boarding house) at 6; occasionally a lecture with the landlady's daughter.

One morning a man came into the office. He was a rather short man, with a big head and a good deal of hair. She noticed this in a hasty glance over her shoulder.

"Ah, yes," he said, "here it is," and he planted himself before the big map on the wall. He stood there for a moment or two, and then Laura heard him say: "Oh, beg pardon; I didn't notice you. No intrusion, I hope?"

She looked over her shoulder again. The short man was bowing in her direction. This time she saw that he wore eyeglasses and that he had a somewhat rugged but kindly face.

"Drummond told me to step in and consult his map," continued the short man. "I'm preparing a paper on our new possessions, and I wanted to get my latitude correctly. I hope I don't annoy you?"

"Not at all," murmured Laura.

"May I?"

She looked up in surprise.

"The fact is," said the stranger, "what with my short stature and short sight I am rather at a loss to make out the titles of the upper sections of our new possessions over here in the Pacific. Would you oblige me?"

Laura hesitated. Then the humorous side of the affair appealed to her, and she arose and came forward.

"It's nice to be so tall," murmured the stranger admiringly.

"I'm no taller than yourself, I think," said Laura.

"It is also nice to have such beautiful—I should say such excellent eyes," said the stranger.

Laura turned the beautiful eyes to the map and somewhat coldly inquired what he wished to know. When he told her, she read the names of the islands to him. He gravely put them down with a note or

two in a morocco book.

"If I had been taller," he somewhat mournfully said, "there's no telling to what heights I might not have reached. Thank you very much and good morning."

Laura went back to her desk, and somehow the merry visit of the short man seemed to lighten the whole day. She laughed when she thought of it on the way home.

It was a little strange, but she wasn't really surprised when he dropped in again the next morning.

"Good day," he said in his cheery way. "'Our New Possessions' is coming on famously. I'm still a little mixed, however, on some of those double jointed names." And before she quite knew it she was again aiding him. He only remained a few minutes, however, and then departed, with many thanks. The next morning he dropped in again, and the next, and the next. If he missed a morning, Laura somehow missed him. He was such a cheery fellow; so optimistic, so bright, so lovable. Laura blushed a little as she used this last term. And then a wave of pity ran over her. It was plain to be seen that with his easy and good natured way this man could never be a success in life. Here he was dawdling over a matter that might have been finished up in a day or two. How could such an idling fellow earn even a satisfactory living? It was a great pity too! He was such a delightful character! Who was he? She would ask one of the clerks. No, she wouldn't. What was this idler to her?

When he dropped in the next morning, Laura received his greeting in a somewhat frigid manner.

"I'm afraid I annoy you," he said after a moment's hesitation.

"No," said Laura quite boldly, "it isn't that. But don't you think you are wasting a great deal of time on this—this work?"

"No," said the short man, with a smile, "I don't."

"And haven't you any employment of more importance?"

"No," said the short man promptly. "I haven't."

Laura sighed. He was clearly incorrigible.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"I'm glad," said the short man.

Laura blazed up.

"But don't you know that you are wasting your opportunities?" she cried. "Don't you know that without energy you can accomplish nothing? Don't you care to rise in the world? You have talents. Why don't you wake up and put them to good use?"

She couldn't have said this to him if he hadn't smiled at her vehemence so exasperatingly.

"And you would like to have me succeed?" he asked.

"Certainly I would," Laura promptly replied.

There was a brief silence. The short man looked thoughtful. He drew out his watch.

"I can't stay but a moment this morning," he said. "I think I must have dropped in merely through force of habit."

"I hope I haven't"— began Laura.

"Not at all," he interrupted. "Good morning."

Laura felt a little conscience stricken. "But it was for his own good," she consoled herself. And then Mr. Drummond entered the room.

"Miss Barton," he said, "we have never asked you to attend to any of our court business, but occasion may arise when your services in that connection will be required. In order to familiarize yourself with the work I wish you would visit one of the courtrooms this morning. I will send Barry with you, and he will enlighten you on such points as are necessary. You are not to do any work, you understand; simply to become acquainted with courtroom routine."

It was a big case, young Barry informed her on the way over. It involved a very large sum claimed as damages, and it was bitterly contested. "All the big legal guns will be there," said the boy. "John Stetson's going to wind up for the defense."

They were early enough and lucky enough to secure seats inside the outer

railing, for the courtroom was soon crowded. Laura looked about her with an interested glance. Then she suddenly started. Her friend the short man was coming briskly down the aisle. Was it the same man? His thick hair was brushed back from his forehead, his eye gleamed, he walked with a quick elastic step. Yet it certainly was the man of the map.

Laura twitched Harry's sleeve.

"Who is that man just seating himself at the table?" she whispered.

"That? Why, that's John Stetson. Haven't you seen him before? That's funny. He's moved into our block, you know, and his offices are just at the other end of the hall on our floor. Ain't he a corker? I tell you," said Barry oracularly, "if old Judge Banning is at the head of the local bar John Stetson is a mighty close second."

It was a wonderful plea that John Stetson made that morning. Clear, concise, logical, witty, sarcastic, indignant, passionate. The little man seemed to grow as he faced the jury. And what a voice and what gestures!

A buzz ran through the courtroom as he finished, and Laura hurried Barry from the room. It was luncheon time, but she walked aimlessly about the streets during her half hour nooning. She had no thought of luncheon. Then she went back to her desk, but she couldn't work. She was nervous and unstrung, and she felt like crying.

Along toward the middle of the afternoon Barry put his head in the door.

"Thought you might like to know that John Stetson won his case," he said. "Jury wasn't out but 20 minutes. John'll get ten thousand out of it if he gets a cent."

It was close to 5 o'clock when another caller filled the doorway. This time it was the man whom she half feared would come.

"Oh," she cried, with a fiery blush. "I am so humiliated!"

"Nonsense," he cheerily said.

"But I heard that splendid speech!"

"I saw you there," he said.

"You saw me?"

"Yes. I—in fact, I knew you would be there."

"You knew?"

"Yes. You remember you said you felt an interest in my welfare, and I was conceited enough to ask Drummond to send you over to the courtroom." Laura hurled her blushing face in her hands. "There, there, you have nothing to reproach yourself with. I wasn't quite fair and above board in the matter. The trouble seems to be that when a man whose nose has been kept to the grindstone all his life relaxes a little, he is apt to overdo it. Perhaps I'm a natural idler, after all."

Laura looked up.

"And 'Our New Possessions?'" she shyly asked.

"Something of a pretense," said the stout man, with a smile. He sat down beside her desk. He was evidently a little embarrassed.

"Let me tell you all about it," he said. "I am 39 years old and never had a play spell. It's high time, you see, for me to begin. A year or two more and I might forget how. Well, one day I saw you. Perhaps you don't believe in affinities. I do. I'm a dry old lawyer, but I've never lost my boyhood's ideal of womanhood. I determined to become acquainted with you. I generally succeed in what I undertake." He paused a moment. Laura was looking out of the window. He went on in a lower voice: "But that 'New Possessions' idea wasn't entirely a fraud. You see, it is well to get acquainted with the possessions you covet before any alliance is suggested. And then, too, there must be an equal willingness on the part of both parties to the proposed alliance. Besides this"— He paused abruptly. Miss Barton's shoulders were moving suspiciously. She was laughing at his argument.

John Stetson arose to his feet. He looked toward the door. Laura's hat and cape caught his eye. He took them from the hooks and came back to the desk.

"Here, Laura Barton," he briskly said, "it's high time you started home." She meekly arose and faced him. He put the cape about her shoulders and offered her

the hat. As she raised it in both hands to her head he suddenly added: "I've changed my mind about that 'possessions' theory. I guess the old way is the best. If you have the power, step right up and take possession of what you want by force of arms."

Then he put his arm about her and kissed her.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Slow Trains.

Slow railroad trains are probably not peculiar to any locality. The story of the conductor who waited for the hen to complete the dozen of eggs for the market is a part of the folklore of widely diverse regions.

There used to run over a Vermont road—and also, it may be remarked, over a Wisconsin road—what was known as the "huckleberry train," the jest being that it was so slow that passengers could jump off at the front end of the train and pick huckleberries for awhile and then get on at the rear end as it came up.

The engineer of the Vermont train of this title is imaginatively declared to have shot two partridges one day from his cab, which the fireman "retrieved" without any additional "slowing up."

Exasperating, Truly.

Mrs. Higsley—Clara, I must insist that you send young Mr. Granley away earlier. It was long after 11 o'clock last night when you closed the front door after him.

Clara—I know, mamma, and I have made up my mind a dozen different times to make him leave early, but he has a way, somehow, of always giving the impression long after the shank of the evening has passed that he is just about to say something one has been waiting for. It's awful exasperating.—St. Louis Republic.

A Sadly Lost Dime.

When last in New York, Carnegie had a bitter experience with a messenger boy, whose tardiness in delivering a business message came near upsetting a deal of great importance. Referring to this incident while at dinner with friends that evening, he told of an office boy who worked for him many years ago when he was of far less importance in the commercial world.

"James," said Mr. Carnegie, "was a willing boy, but his ability as a stutterer was simply wonderful, and I often found it more convenient to attend to little errands myself than to wait for his explanations. One day a neighbor wanted to send a nice note clear across the city, and I permitted James to carry it for him. The trip was a long one, and James was gone quite three hours. When he returned, I asked him how much he had charged for his services.

"'Fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-fifteen c-c-c-cents!' was the gasping reply.

"'Why didn't you make it a quarter?' I asked.

"'I c-c-c-c-c-could-could-couldn't s-s-s-s-say it,' he replied, with tears as well as hyphens in his voice.

"Right then I made up my mind never to give any one my services without first making sure that I could recite my price without stuttering, and I never have."

"Oh, yes, he is a follower of one of the higher arts."

"Well, he doesn't look it. What does he do?"

"He's a professional flagpole painter."

Belgium is the home of the racing pigeon. There the sport is a national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money, the prizes being considerable, to which heavy pools are added.

TALKING SHOP.

A Sentiment Concerning Which There Is Considerable Humbug.

"If there is one thing that makes me a little wearier than another," said an amateur cynic, "it is to hear a man boast that he 'never talks shop.' I met a fairly eminent actor at a little gathering not long ago, and when some pleasant reference was made he drew himself up and said, 'You will pardon me, I am sure, but, really, I make it a rule never to talk shop.' That remark convinced two or three thick headed hearers that he was singularly free from vanity, but it convinced the rest of us that he was a double dyed donkey and a poseur of the purest ray serene.

"Every right minded man likes to talk shop and does so whenever he gets a chance. It is that which makes class clubs almost invariably a success. The members are all interested in the same thing and can talk shop ad lib. without getting called down. One of the redeeming features of matrimony is the fact that a man secures a helpless victim to whom he can talk shop every day of the year.

"When a chap is traveling as in a strange city, what a joy it is to bump up against somebody in one's same line of business! It is like meeting a long lost brother! I have often thought that the chief objection to being a hangman is that there are so few persons with whom a fellow could chat about the craft.

"And yet it has grown to be a fashion among people of eminence in all the professions to affect a reluctance to discuss the precise thing in which each is most interested. They don't like to talk shop! Faugh! Nobody has any right to make such an assertion except a burglar in a police station!"

The Camel's Eye.

The Nile is essentially a river of silence and mystery. Even the camels turn their beautiful soft eyes upon you as if you were intruding upon their silence and reserve. Never were the eyes in a human head so beautiful as a camel's. There is a limpid softness, an appealing plaintiveness in their expression which drag at your sympathies like the look in the eyes of a hunchback. It means that with your opportunities you might have done more with your life. Your mother looks at you that way sometimes in church when the sermon touches a particularly raw nerve in your spiritual make up. I always feel like apologizing when a camel looks at me.—Lilian Bell in Woman's Home Companion.

Pinning Him Down.

He—I believe that a man should let his acts speak for themselves.

She—Am I to understand then that when you took my hand in yours last night you intended it as a proposal of marriage?—Chicago News.

Quite the Reverse.

Osmond—Well, you've never seen me run after people who have money.

Desmond—No; but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have money.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

The most celebrated battle steeds of the civil war were Cincinnati, Traveler and Winchester, the favorite charges of Grant, Lee and Sheridan.

The first postoffice was opened in Paris in 1462; in England in 1581; in America in 1710.

The longest plants in the world are seaweed. One tropical and subtropical variety is known which, when it reaches its full development, is at least 600 feet in length.

A $1,000,000 BEDROOM.

Gorgeous Sleeping Apartment of Ludwig II, the Mad King.

"Half way between Munich and Salzburg is the third castle—Herrenchiemsee—built by Ludwig II," writes Professor J. H. Gore in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "This great structure is incomplete, fortunately for already overtaxed Bavaria, for no one could surmise what its cost would have been. One room alone—the renowned bedchamber—could not be duplicated for less than a million dollars.

"The vaulted ceiling is one great allegorical painting, the rounded cornice is covered with a score of richly framed mural paintings, the walls are panels of hammered gold of intricate designs, and even the floor is of a marvelous pattern. The only suggestion of the purpose of this wonderful room is the sixty thousand dollar bed with its canopy more magnificent than any that covers a regal throne.

"In the gorgeous dining room he had erected a disappearing table, which dropped through the floor when a course was finished, and in its place came up another, set and served. He desired this so that servants would be unnecessary in the room and the most secret state matters could be discussed in safety.

"Many people sought in vain to see the famous room at Herrenchiemsee. Once an actress pleased Ludwig so much by her recitation that she thought it an opportune moment to request permission to see his 'most poetic bedchamber.' She was coolly dismissed for her effrontery, and the servants were ordered to fumigate the room in which she had been received."

PAID WITH A SNUB.

A Case of Badly Misplaced Civility by the Younger Woman.

If anything roils a woman, it is to have some younger woman get up and offer her a seat in a street car. This misplaced civility infers that the elder woman is to be considered on account of her age, when, in fact, there is little difference in years between the two.

I witnessed a droll bit of comedy the other day in a Brookline electric that makes me smile every time I think of it. The car was full, with several passengers standing, when in bounced a stout, well preserved person, with white hair beautifully pompadoured. She was dressed in deep mourning, but a bunch of violets in the front of the coat gave a touch of "mitigation" to her grief, which was quite borne out by a merriment lurking in her mouth and eyes. The lady grasped a strap and looked out of the window. Then suddenly a young person sitting near, observing perhaps that no man in the car intended to offer his seat, rose and leaning forward touched the other on the arm, saying:

"Won't you have my seat?"

"Are you going to get out?" asked the standee.

"No, ma'am," replied this tactless creature, "but you are older than I, and"— but the sentence was never finished. If a glance could slay, that young person would have fallen on the floor dead.

"Thank you. When I am too old to stand up, I shall not enter a public conveyance."

That was all. The junior woman slunk back into the seat, and some of the passengers tittered. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Indian's Hate.

He Tried to Vent It on the Whites, but It Recoiled on Himself.

By George H. Westley.

Jed Wilson and I were neither of us much over 20 when, in the reckless spirit of adventure, we joined a company of threescore hardy fellows who were on the point of starting off up the Umpqua river.

After many days of the most difficult travel we came at length in sight of an Indian village, and, approaching this village to within a quarter of a mile, we pitched our permanent camp.

We had not been there many minutes before our redskin neighbors became aware of our presence, and immediately they swarmed down upon us, displaying the most hostile intentions. The sight of our weapons cowed them, and they saw it would be best to leave us alone.

The chief of the tribe was one Wah-kia-na, a tall, muscular Indian of perhaps 45. As the days went by Wah-kia-na became quite a frequent visitor. His favorite lounging place was the log cabin in which Jed and I did the cooking.

One morning Jed discovered Wah-kia-na in the act of jabbing a long, sharp pointed piece of iron he invariably carried in his belt into the soup kettle, hoping, no doubt, to fish out a nice hot chunk of beef. This was more than my companion could stand.

Knocking the iron out of the redskin's hand with a quick blow, Jed grabbed the fellow by the scruff and the slack and rushed him out of the cabin, quitting him with a push that sent him sprawling upon the ground.

After that Wah-kia-na came to the cookhouse no more, and in a month or so the incident had dropped completely from our minds. But not from the Indian's. In his heart he nurtured vengeance.

One day we learned that there emptied into the Umpqua a certain stream, the exploration of which promised considerable sport. This tributary was known as Smith's river, after an unfortunate trapper who had been killed by the Indians many years before.

When we had arranged our plans, we made them known to Wattie Linn, a sturdy old backwoodsman who had taken quite a fancy to us youngsters and had more than once proved himself a true friend.

"Don't ye go, boys," said Wattie.

"Why not?" asked Jed. "We can manage the canoe all right."

"'Tain't that."

"What is it, then? Are you afraid of the Indians cutting us off?"

"Waal, yes; that's about it," replied Wattie.

Just as we were pushing off along came Wattie.

"So yer bound to go, boys?" he said half reproachfully. "Waal, good luck to ye. But look hyar, I want ye to promise me a something. Guess it'll take ye three days to get up to Smith's, thar bein a freshet in the river, but a day ought to fetch ye back slick as grease. Now, give me yer word, boys, to be back hyar by five days at the latest—that is, if ye kin."

We promised the old fellow and dipped our paddles, impatient to be off.

"Good, lads, and now look hyar. If so be as you meet trouble and hev to quit the canoe and tramp home make tracks down the right bank of the river—the right bank, do you hear?"

Nothing particular happened until the afternoon of the third day. We were ripping along very quietly when suddenly Jed reached over the side of the canoe and fished something out of the water. It proved to be a small, closely woven Indian basket.

"That's bad, Jed," I exclaimed. "Sure as guns ther's redskins ahead of us."

"We'd have met the beggars if they had come down stream; so they must

have gone up," said I. "What's to be done, Jed?"

"Done! Go ahead and trust in Providence," replied Jed. "They may be friendly or they may not. Anyhow, we've got our rifles."

"What's that yonder?" cried Jed, pointing to a hill a little distance ahead. Its sloping side was dotted with what looked to be huts. We rested on our paddles and gazed upon the scene with silent anxiety.

We found the cause of our wonder to be an old Indian burying ground. The hutlike risings were simply hillocks of earth, each of which marked the resting place of a warrior.

Paddling a mile or two farther along, we camped for the night.

As soon as it was light enough we started to mount to the top of what we meant to be our long toboggan slide back to Umpqua. It was the worst rapid we had yet encountered. After trying it several ways without success we had to resort to the towing line.

We dragged our little craft up through the boiling current yard by yard. It may have been within a dozen feet of us when crack! the stout hide line suddenly snapped, and away went the canoe with all our stores and Jed's rifle, dashing madly down the falls.

"What fools to worry," cried Jed, "when we can get all the canoes we want!"

"Where?"

"Down in the burial ground, of course. It's only a mile or so. Come along."

Fortunately we were on the same side of the river, and an hour's hard struggling through the dense woods brought us to the cemetery. We found that most of the canoes were in very bad condition, but finally came across one that seemed seaworthy. Our good fortune mended our spirits, and as we sped onward we laughed and joked and broke into rollicking songs.

We had made a mile or so when, shooting round a sharp elbow of the river, we were thunderstruck to find ourselves abreast of a large Indian camp pitched on the bank. The narrowing of the stream at this point brought us within 20 yards of our foes.

Uttering a howl of rage, they made a wild rush for the water's edge, threw themselves into their canoes and came after us in full pursuit. And foremost among them we recognized the tall form of Wah-kia-ua.

With a swift wave of our paddles we turned the nose of our antique craft toward the bank, reaching which, we leaped ashore. I seized the gun, and in two seconds we were tearing through the thick brushwood toward the forest beyond.

That afternoon and evening I tramped many miles. At nightfall, being utterly fagged out, I threw myself upon the turf beside a small stream and was soon sound asleep.

I awoke a little after dawn, cold and stiff and desperately hungry. I was about to move along when I was startled to hear a crackling among the brushwood. I set my teeth and brought my rifle to my shoulder, ready to fire as soon as the thing should break cover.

Presently who should stagger into view but Jed, the poor fellow ready to drop with fatigue and hunger. We started off, but soon Jed, who was carrying the gun, while clambering over the rocks made a misstep and fell. The weapon flew from his hand, and, the trigger striking hard against a stump, a loud report followed among the surrounding hills.

But that was not the worst. Jed's ankle received a very bad twist in his fall, and for some minutes the poor fellow was agonized with pain.

Now we noticed a column of smoke rising nearly opposite our position from the other bank of the river.

"A signal!" cried Jed. "They must have heard the report. What a clumsy idiot I was!"

"And see," said I, "there's an answering signal to the right and another to the left. But we've got a good start of them, and before they strike our trail we must be miles away."

All that afternoon we toiled onward over our rugged course. Meantime, how-

ever, Jed's wounded ankle grew worse, until at sunset it was swollen to twice its natural size, and he could proceed no farther.

Twilight slowly darkened into night. The moon rose and cast her fading light upon the scene. A more welcome light, I think, I shall never behold.

Presently signal fires on the hills near by told us that the rest of our enemies were close at hand. Again I looked to the priming of my gun and otherwise prepared for action.

For fully 20 minutes we heard nothing of our foes, though we knew well the cowardly fellows were debating how best to reach us. Then, from their ambush in the wild oats, we heard voices, as though they were encouraging each other to charge, and we realized that the crisis was at hand.

Suddenly I was startled by an exclamation from Jed.

"It's all up, Joe!" he cried. "No use firing. The villains have got us in the rear."

"Hist, boys, hist!" whispered a voice from the bow of the canoe.

"Good heavens, it's Wattie!"

"Aye, boys, and just in the nick of time. Catch hold of this hyar line and haul us in right smart."

This was done and all so quietly and quickly that the Indians knew nothing of our re-enforcements. A minute later they broke cover, rushed into the open and, with a blood curdling yell, charged pellmell down upon us.

"Fire!" shouted Wattie in a voice that rang loud above the uproar, and instantly five spouts of flame flashed in the faces of our foes.

Surprised, thunderstruck, utterly discomfited, the advancing body reeled back from the volley they had so little expected.

"After 'em, boys!" yelled Wattie, leaping up over the bank and giving chase. We sent them flying in all directions, each Indian intent only on securing his personal safety.

Then, returning to the bank, we sought our two fallen foes. The first we came up to was lying face downward, havin pitched forward as a bullet found h heart. Turning him over, we found t was none other than the villainous Wa kia-na.—Exchange.

LOADED WITH HARD LUCK

Several Bitter Experiences of Youthful Runaway.

Young John Kathner, an inexpe enced hobbledehoy thirsting for adve ture, ran away from home the oth day with 100 marks in his pocket. I termined to see the world he book for Berlin, intending to surprise spinster aunt residing there. wi whom, however, he was not persona acquainted. On reaching his desti tion he strolled about the city maki inquiries for Aunt Kathner's place abode.

A woman accosted him: "What, y are from Abbau! What is your name On hearing it, she exclaimed: "H mel! Why, then, I am your aunt; co home with me." Young Greenhorn her bidding, they supped together, a he was sent to bed.

On awakening next morning he covered that his clothes and his mo were gone, and so, too, was auntie. his despair he rushed to the windo his nightshirt, crying out his mis tune to the passersby.

A woman with an infant in her a responded to his appeal. "I will and find your auntie," said she, " leave baby with you meanwhi Hours passed, with baby howling sustenance.

At length a constable came Johann's rescue with a suit of clot and bundled him and "his infant" to the police station, where the ins tor wired to the young man's fat

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